

NATIONAL

AUGUST
No. 73

COMICS

10¢

THE BARKER

MEETS

A COUNTRY SLICKER!



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

Let's Go, Pal!
I'll prove I can make you

"The Jowett System
is the greatest in the
world!" says R. F.
Kelly, Physical Di-
rector
Atlantic City

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FAST—or it won't cost you a cent—
says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder

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PLUS
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Enjoy My "Progressive Power"
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Give me 10 Easy Minutes a
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I'll reach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis — that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back — in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll jam you with power and self-confidence to master any situation — to win popularity — and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

**BUILD A BODY
YOU WILL BE PROUD OF!**
I am making a drive for thousands of
new friends fast—**REGARDLESS OF COST!**
So Get Now My 5 (Valued at \$5 each) Muscle Building Courses
All in 1 great complete volume **FOR ONLY**

PACKED WITH HOW-TO-DO-IT PICTURES!

25¢

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Just a Few of the Records of

George F. Jowett

whom experts call the "Champion of Champions"

- World's welter weight wrestling champion at 17
- World's weight lifting champion at 19
- Reputed to have the strongest arms in the world
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Send only 25c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in a complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

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JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE Dept. Q95 230 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 1,

FREE!



FREE GIFT COUPON!

Dept.

Q-95

George F. Jowett
Champion of Champions

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
Dear George: Please send by return mail, prepaid, **FREE** Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with all 5 Muscle Building Courses. 1. Molding a Mighty Chest. 2. Molding a Mighty Arm. 3. Molding a Mighty Grip. 4. Molding a Mighty Back. 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Muscle He-Man". Enclosed find 25c. **NO C.O.D.'S**.

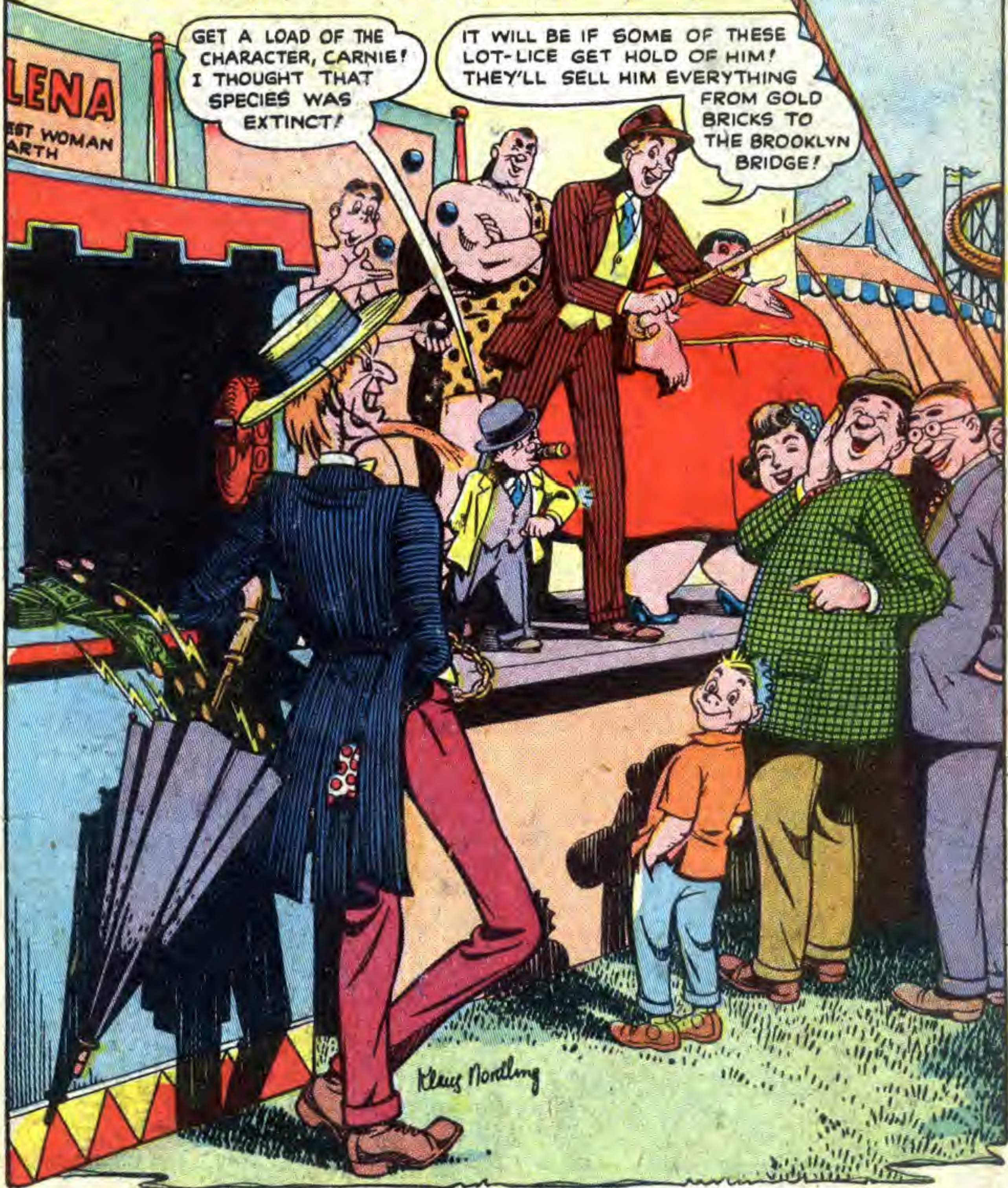
NAME _____ AGE _____
(Please Print Plainly, Include Zone Number)

ADDRESS _____

THE BARKER

GET A LOAD OF THE CHARACTER, CARNIE! I THOUGHT THAT SPECIES WAS EXTINCT!

IT WILL BE IF SOME OF THESE LOT-LICE GET HOLD OF HIM! THEY'LL SELL HIM EVERYTHING FROM GOLD BRICKS TO THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE!





I HOPE YOU DON'T OBJECT, COLONEL LANE!

ON THE CONTRARY, CARNIE... I HEARTILY APPROVE!



LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU, SHADY! I WILL NOT TOLERATE GAMBLING ON THE LOT!



IN SHORT, BUB, TAKE ONE MORE SUCKER WITH THAT GIMMICKED WHEEL AND I'LL REALLY HAVE TO GET TOUGH!



YOU WANT I SHOULD FEED HIM A FEW POUNDS OF LEAD PIPE ON THE NOGGIN, SHADY? OR HAMMER HIS NOSE IN?

SKIP IT, KNUCKLES! I'LL HANDLE CALAHAN MY OWN WAY!



ALL WE NEED IS A COUPLE OF HUNDRED MORE BUCKS AND WE'LL BLOW OUT THIS CRUMMY SHOW AN'...HUH?

EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN!



YOUR GAME LOOKS LIKE FUN! IS THIS ENOUGH MONEY TO PLAY IT?

YIIPE! IS IT? ER... I MEAN... THAT IS... NO, IT AIN'T, MY FRIEND!

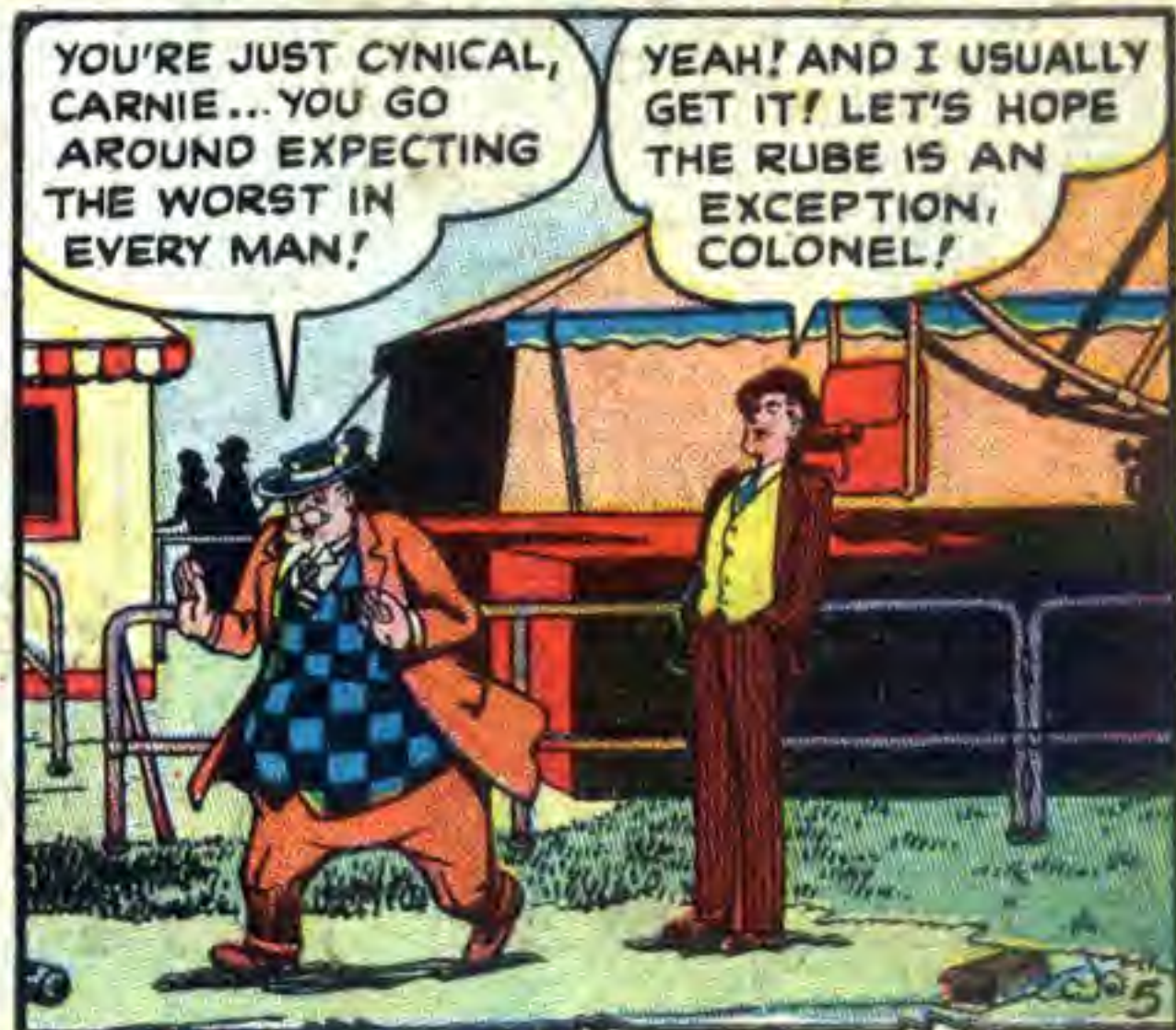


BUT IT SO HAPPENS, CHUM, I HAVE ANOTHER LITTLE GAME THAT'S MORE FUN AND NOT SO EXPENSIVE! WANNA PLAY?

ULP! NOT THAT, SHADY! YOU KNOW WHAT COLONEL LANE AND CARNIE'LL DO!







A short time later...

AND ON THE INSIDE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE...
IT'S THE RUBE AND HE'S IN TROUBLE!

LET'S GO, GANG! CARNIE PROMISED TO HELP!

HEY, RUBE!



IT CAME FROM BACK HERE, FELLERS!

WAIT FOR ME!



TSSK! SUCH EXCITEMENT! CIRCUSES ARE MORE FUN!



WHEE-EE! THIS IS FUN, TOO!



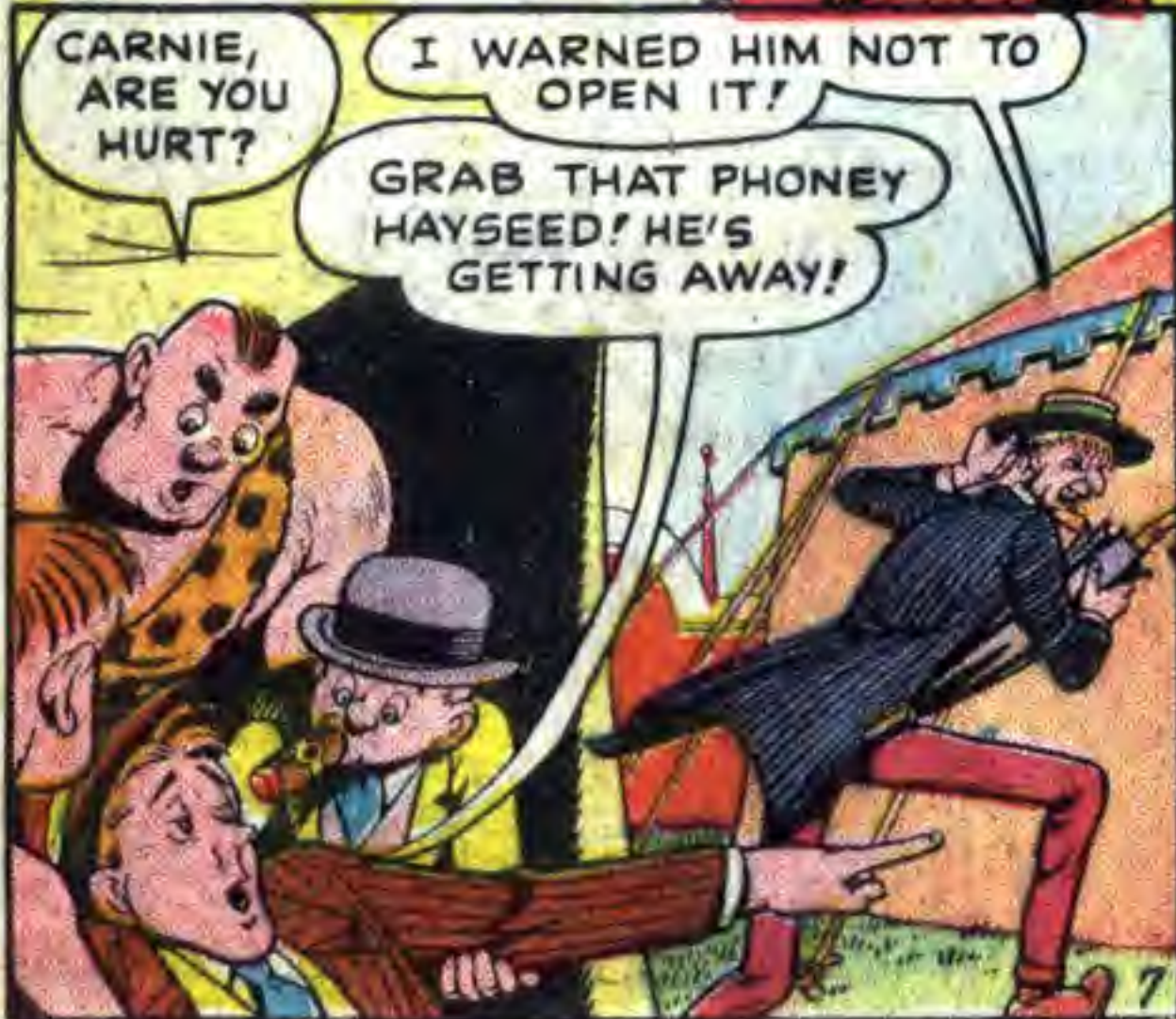
HOW CARELESS OF EVERYONE, RUNNING OFF AND LEAVING THIS MONEY...I'D BETTER TAKE CARE OF IT!

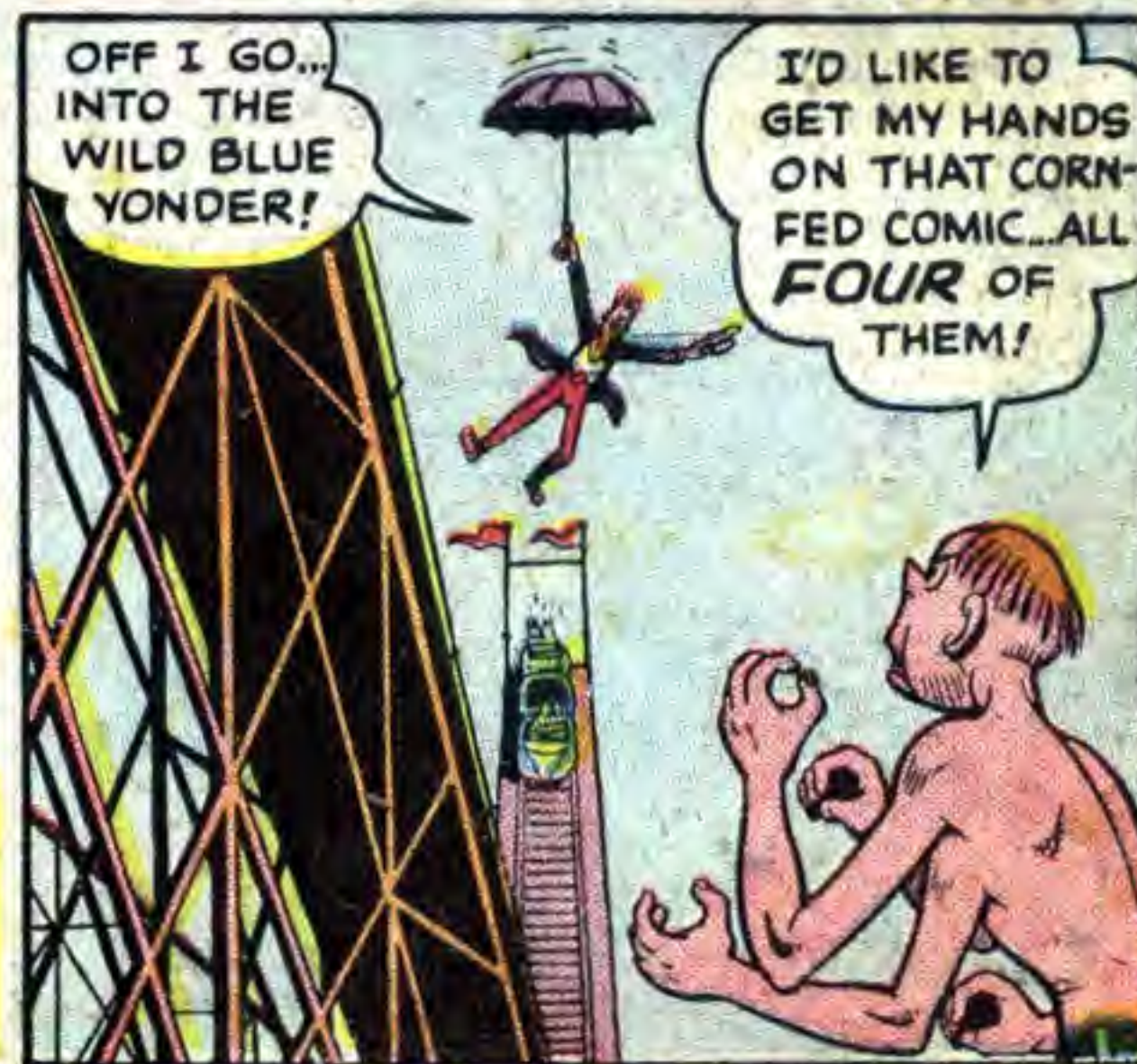
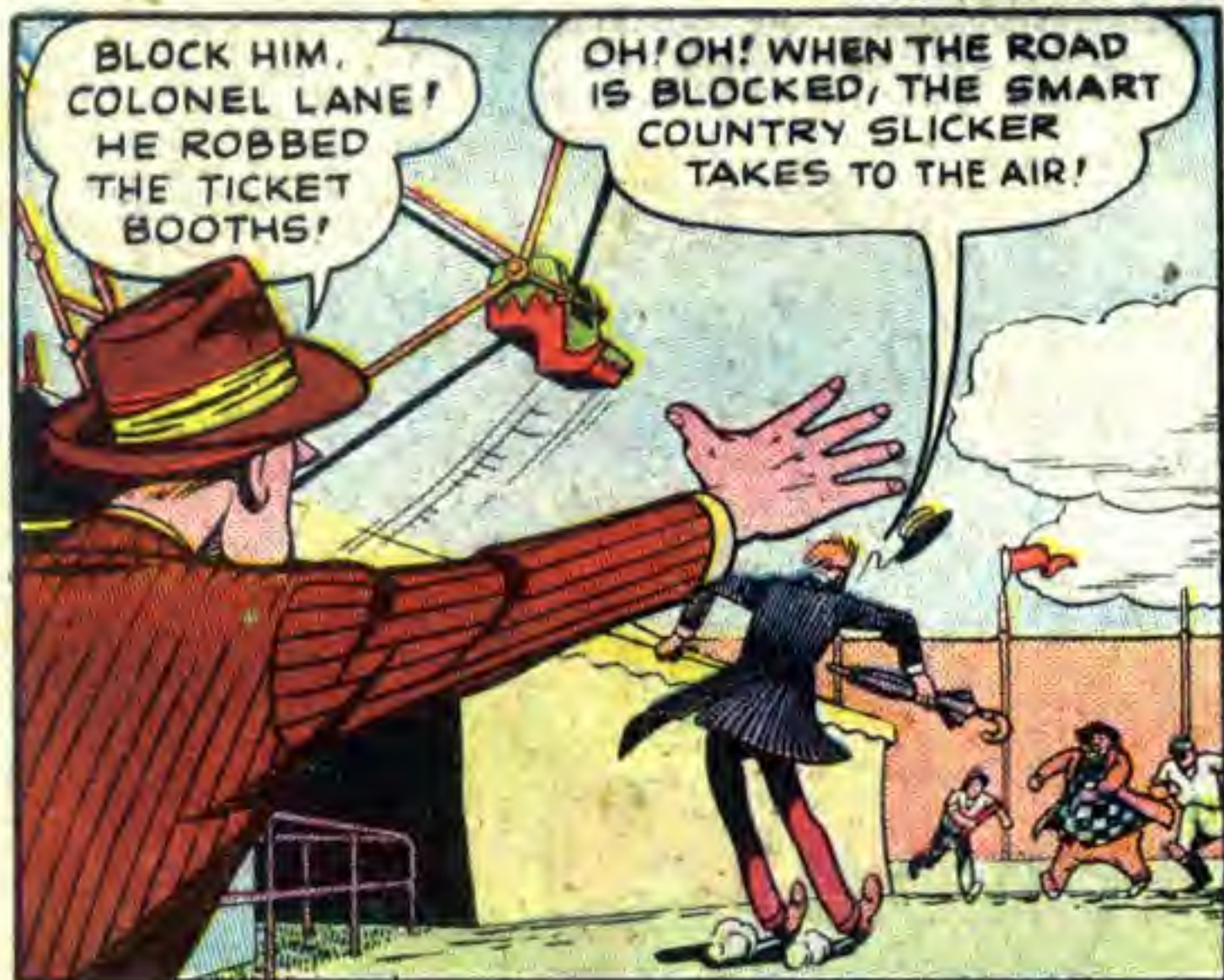


NOT A SIGN OF TROUBLE! NOW WE KNOW THAT OLD JERK'S A PHONEY!

OH, MY! MY GRANDMOTHER ALWAYS WARNED ME CIRCUS PEOPLE WERE ROUGH CHARACTERS, TO BE AVOIDED AT ALL TIMES! I'LL AVOID THEM IN HERE!









PARDON, FOLKS! GOING MY WAY?

EEEK! OOH, HERBERT, I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK!

NOW, BROTHER, YOU'RE GONNA GET WHAT YOU'RE ASKING FOR!

YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST!



QUICK, SAM! STOP THOSE CARS AND HOLD 'EM WHERE THEY ARE!

UH? SURE, CARNIE! ANYTHING YOU SAY!



SPLIT UP, GANG! WE'LL TRAP HIM ON THE TRACK!

I'LL GO STRAIGHT UP THIS WAY, CARNIE!



LAST ONE DOWN IS A ROTTEN APPLE! WHEEEEE!



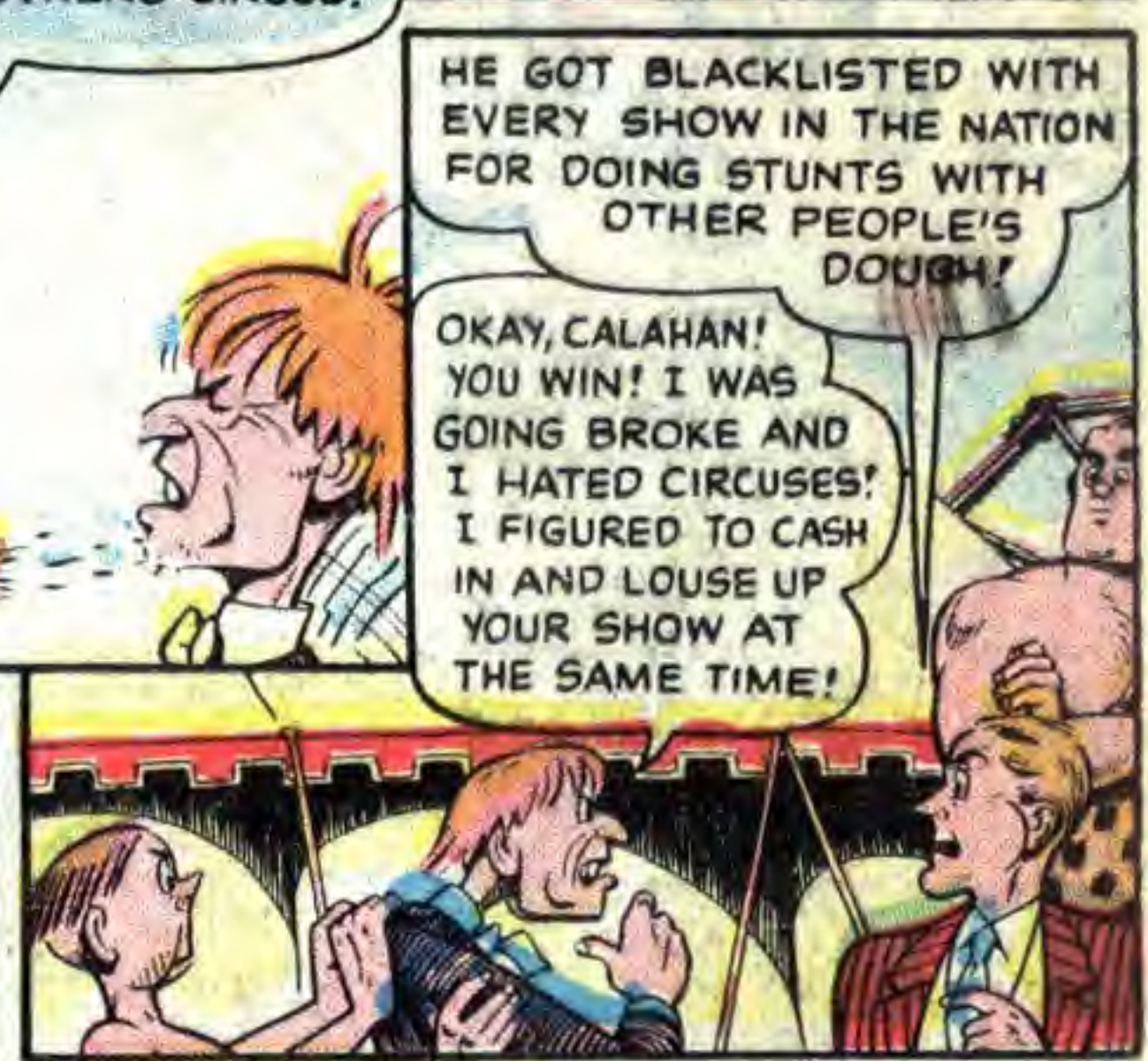
PUFF-PUFF! IF I CAN... PUFF! GET THERE IN TIME!



DAWGONNIT! IF THAT GUY CAN DO IT... SO CAN I! GIVE ME YOUR CANE, MAJOR!

ULP! CARNIE, NOT THAT!





Sally O'Neil



For Sally O'Neil, policewoman, D.D.T stood for Dauntlessness, Daring and Tenacity.. all requirements in helping her rid the city of the dreaded **ROBBER FLY!**



On a circus lot...

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, MR. BRECK?

YES, EMIL, YOUR ACT'S NOT GOING OVER! I'M REPLACING IT!



REPLACING IT? AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?

THAT'S JUST THE POINT... IT'S BEEN GOING TOO LONG! IT'S WORN OUT!



HERE'S YOUR PAY! I'M SORRY, BUT PRESENT-DAY AUDIENCES WANT SOMETHING MORE EXCITING THAN **THE HUMAN FLY!**



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THIS IS THE ONLY BUSINESS I KNOW! WHAT WILL I DO NOW?



PEOPLE DON'T FIND THE HUMAN FLY EXCITING ENOUGH, HUH? MAYBE THEY'D RATHER BE TERRORIZED BY THE ROBBER FLY!



A few nights later...

IF THINGS WORK OUT AS I PLAN, THIS SHOULD BE EASY!



GIVE ME YOUR MONEY AND YOUR JEWELS OR I'LL KILL YOU!



HMM... THAT WAS EASY! SHE DIDN'T EVEN SCREAM! I'LL HELP MYSELF!



Later, at headquarters...

WHAT'S THAT? PARKVIEW APARTMENTS? I'LL SEND SOMEONE RIGHT OVER!



INVESTIGATE THIS, WILL YOU, SALLY? THERE'S BEEN A ROBBERY IN APARTMENT 1204!

I'M ON MY WAY, CHIEF!



WHO IS IT?

SALLY O'NEIL, FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS!



I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME! OH! IT WAS DREADFUL!

WHAT WAS? TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED!



THAT WINDOW WAS OPEN! A TERRIBLE CREATURE ENTERED, LIKE A HUGE INSECT! IT WAS THE WORST THING I EVER SAW!

HMM... THAT'S STRANGE!



EVERYTHING WENT BLACK! WHEN I CAME TO, THE APARTMENT HAD BEEN ROBBED!

I DON'T SEE HOW ANYONE COULD COME IN HERE! IT'S TWELVE STORIES TO THE GROUND!



BUT IT DID! I SAW IT! AND IT MUST HAVE GONE OUT BY THE WINDOW, TOO, BECAUSE MY DOORS WERE LEFT LOCKED ON THE INSIDE!

THAT COMPLICATES THINGS EVEN MORE!

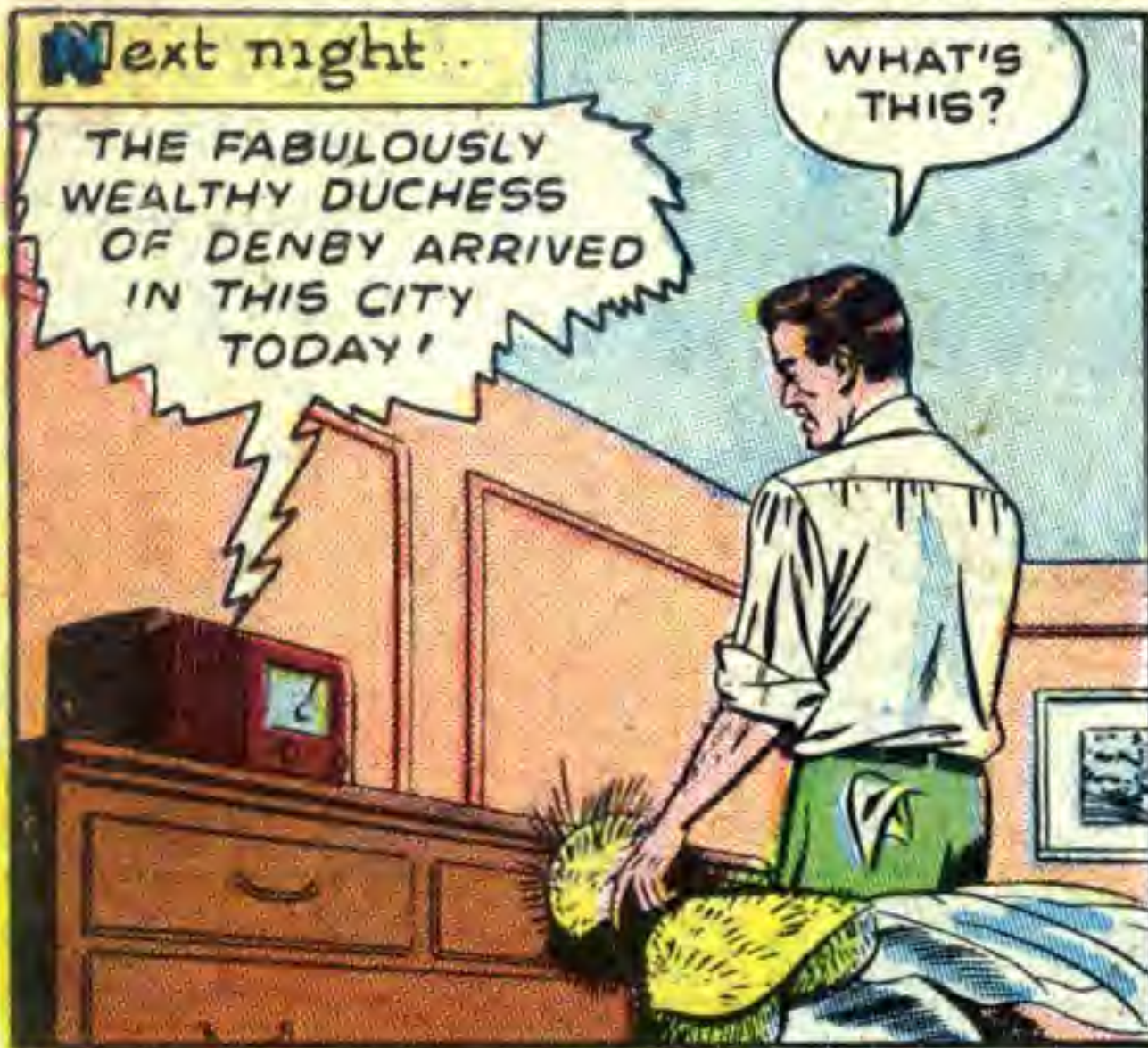


SIT DOWN AND TRY TO AVOID TOUCHING ANYTHING! I'LL LOOK FOR CLUES!



THERE'S NOTHING HERE... NOTHING BUT A PUZZLING MYSTERY!







NOW, HAND OVER THAT DENBY DIAMOND TIARA!

WHAT A GHASTLY CHARACTER! NO WONDER HE CAUSED PEOPLE TO FAINT!



OOPS! PARDON ME! MY FOOT SLIPPED!

WHY, YOU...



AND HERE'S A LITTLE TRICK THAT MAY GET A RISE OUT OF YOU!

YAWK!



JUDO CERTAINLY COMES IN HANDY!



GOOD GRIEF! THIS EXPLAINS A LOT OF THINGS!

SALLY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? I WAITED FOR YOUR SCREAM AND... **HUH?**



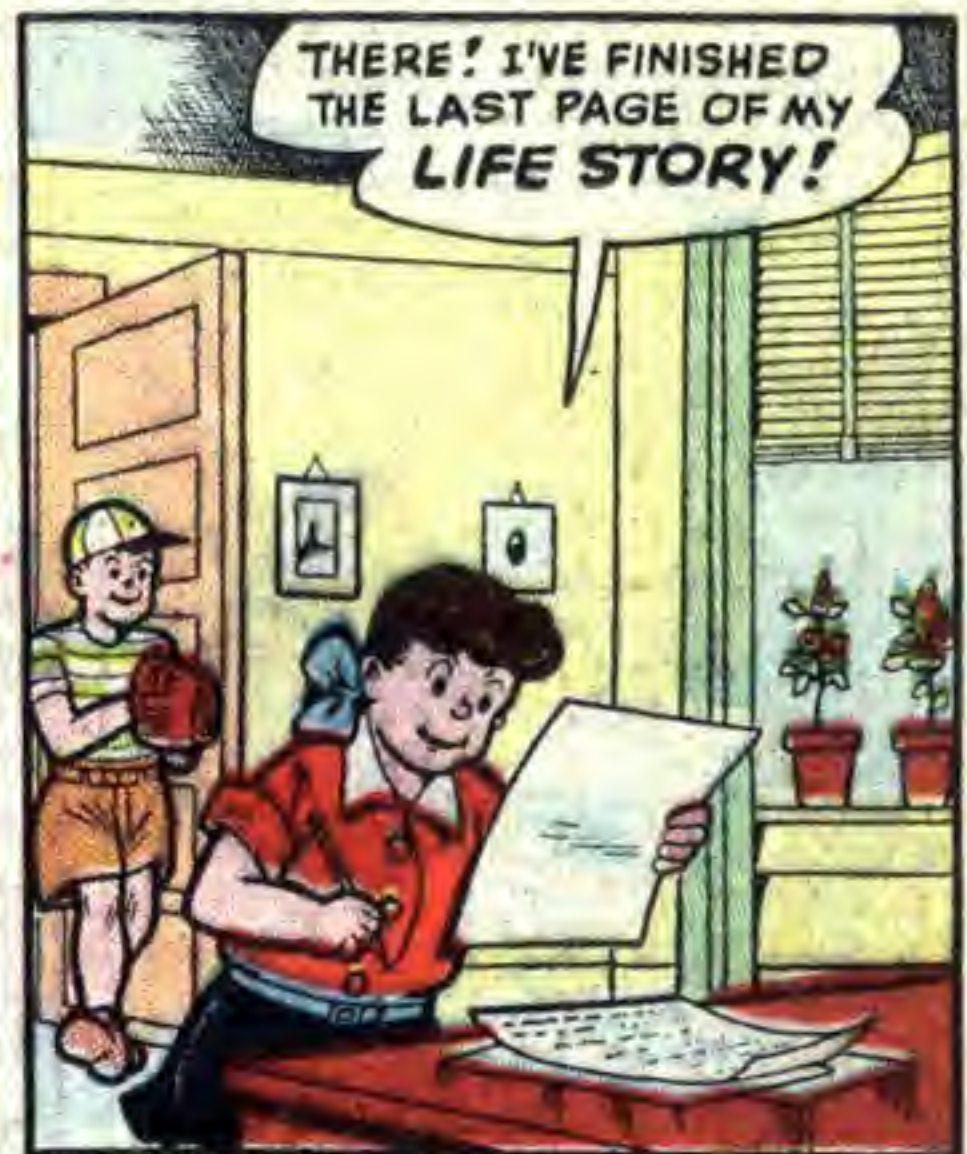
I WAS TOO BUSY SWATTING A HUMAN FLY TO SIGNAL, CHIEF!

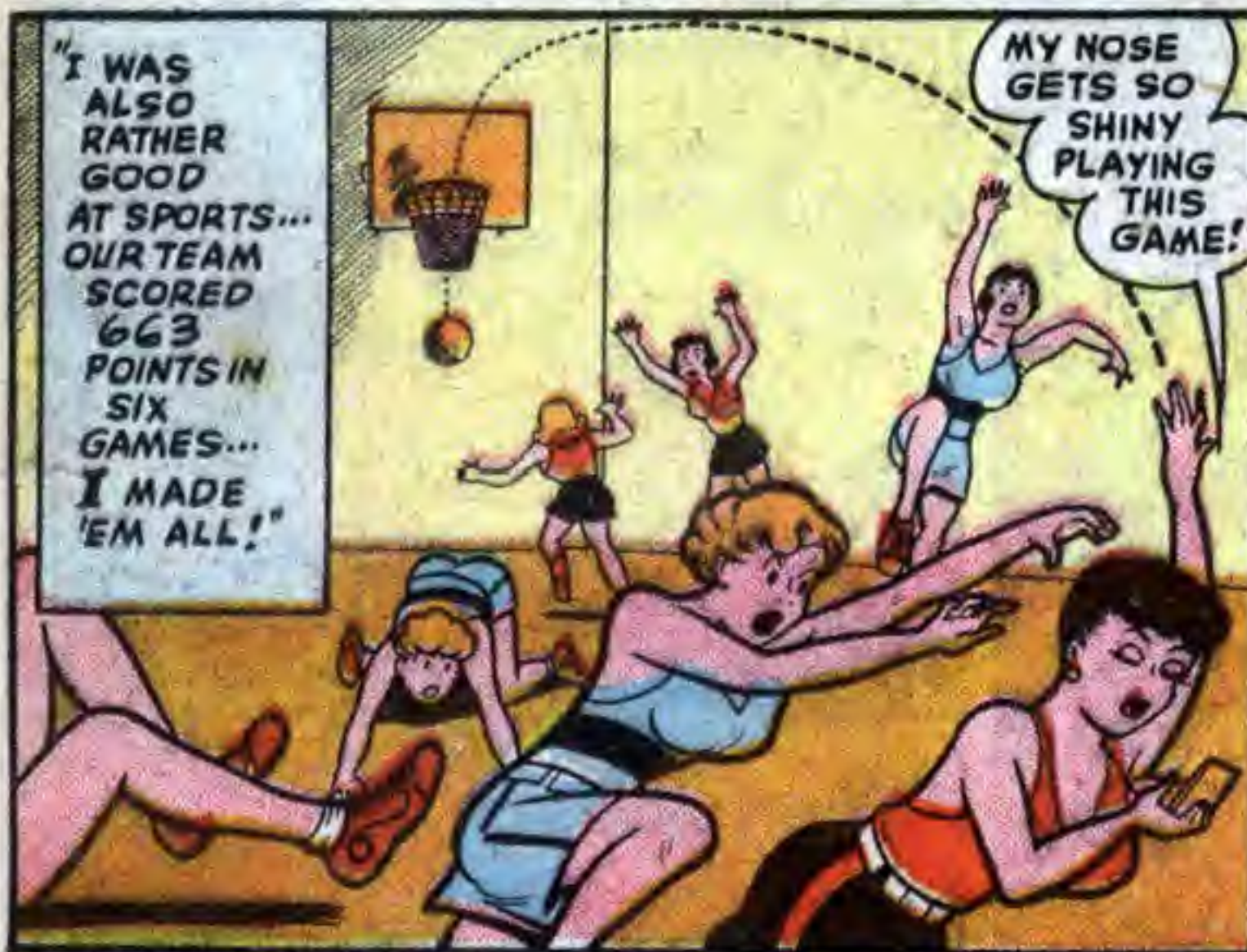
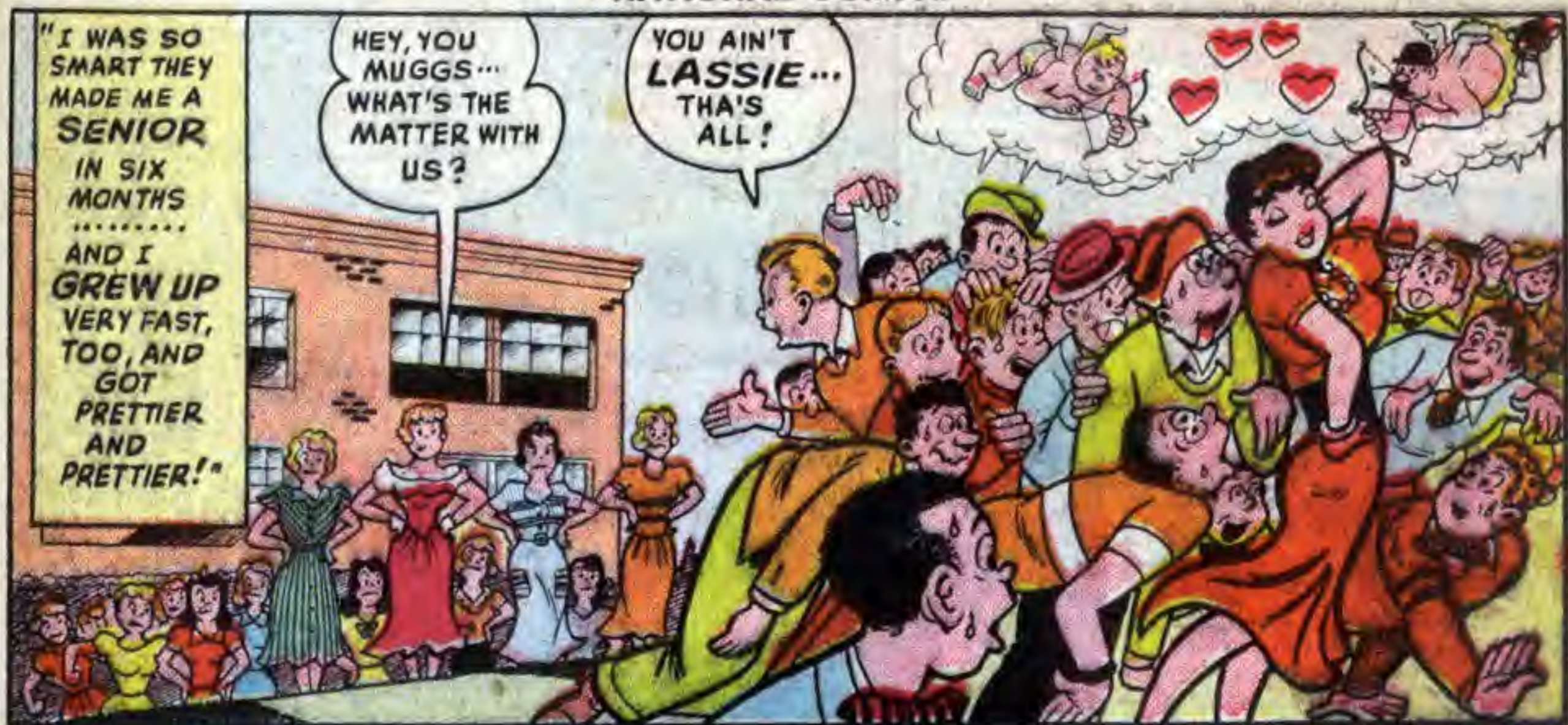
THAT'S WHAT I USED TO BE... A HUMAN FLY. THEN I BECAME **THE ROBBER FLY!** I'LL CONFESS IF YOU'LL GET ME DOWN!



SALLY, LET ME CONGRATULATE YOU! YOU'RE THE BEST COP ON THE FORCE!

WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT TIARA WAS D.D.T. TO THE **ROBBER FLY!**







"SO I HAD TO QUIT HOLLYWOOD TO
SAVE THE INDUSTRY!"

HERE'S TWO MILLION BUCKS...
GO WHILE WE STILL HAVE A
MALE STAR LEFT IN HIS
RIGHT MIND!

THANKS!

CA STUDIOS

OSCARS

THEN, FOR
PETE'S SAKE,
YOU SAY YOU RAN
FOR **PRESIDENT**
OF THE UNITED
STATES!

WELL, WHY
NOT? I
WAS **OUT**
OF A JOB,
WASN'T I?

"AND GOT ELECTED, OF COURSE!"

BUT HERE YOUR
STORY ENDS...
WHAT **HAPPENS**
NEXT?

I HADDA GET BUSY WITH
MY **HOME WORK**...
HELP ME WITH THIS
TOUGH LONG DIVISION
PROBLEM, WILL YA,
LADDIE?

BUT I THOUGHT
YOU HAD SUCH
SMART
BRAINS!

IS **POTATO-**
FACE IN...I
MEAN,
LASSIE?

NO, **MISS**
AMERICA
IS BUSY... COME
BACK LATER!

201640

HONEYBUN



WHY, HONEYBUN, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE MOVING!

WHO'S MOVING? I'M JUST RETURNING A FEW THINGS MIGGS BORROWED!



HONEYBUN, WOULD YOU MIND RETURNING THESE SPOONS ... TO MRS. BURTON?

SURE, MIGGS! I WASN'T GOING ANY PLACE SPECIAL ANYWAY!

WELL THEN, YOU WON'T BE GOING OUT OF YOUR WAY IF YOU DROP THIS BOTTLE OF KETCHUP I OWE MRS. ROGERS!

OKAY! GIVE IT HERE!



BUT MRS. BURTON, MIGGS SAID SHE BORROWED THESE SPOONS FROM YOU!

I KNOW, HONEYBUN! BUT I BORROWED THEM FROM MRS. WILLIS! AND AS LONG AS YOU'RE GOING OVER THERE WITH THE SPOONS, YOU WON'T MIND RETURNING THIS MOP, WILL YOU?

LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT, MRS. WILLIS! THE MOP REALLY BELONGS TO MIGGS, AND YOU WANT ME TO RETURN THESE COAT HANGERS TO MRS. ROGERS!

THAT'S RIGHT, HONEYBUN... YOU'RE SUCH A DEAR!

CREEPS! I FORGOT TO GIVE THE SPOONS TO MRS. WILLIS! I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK!

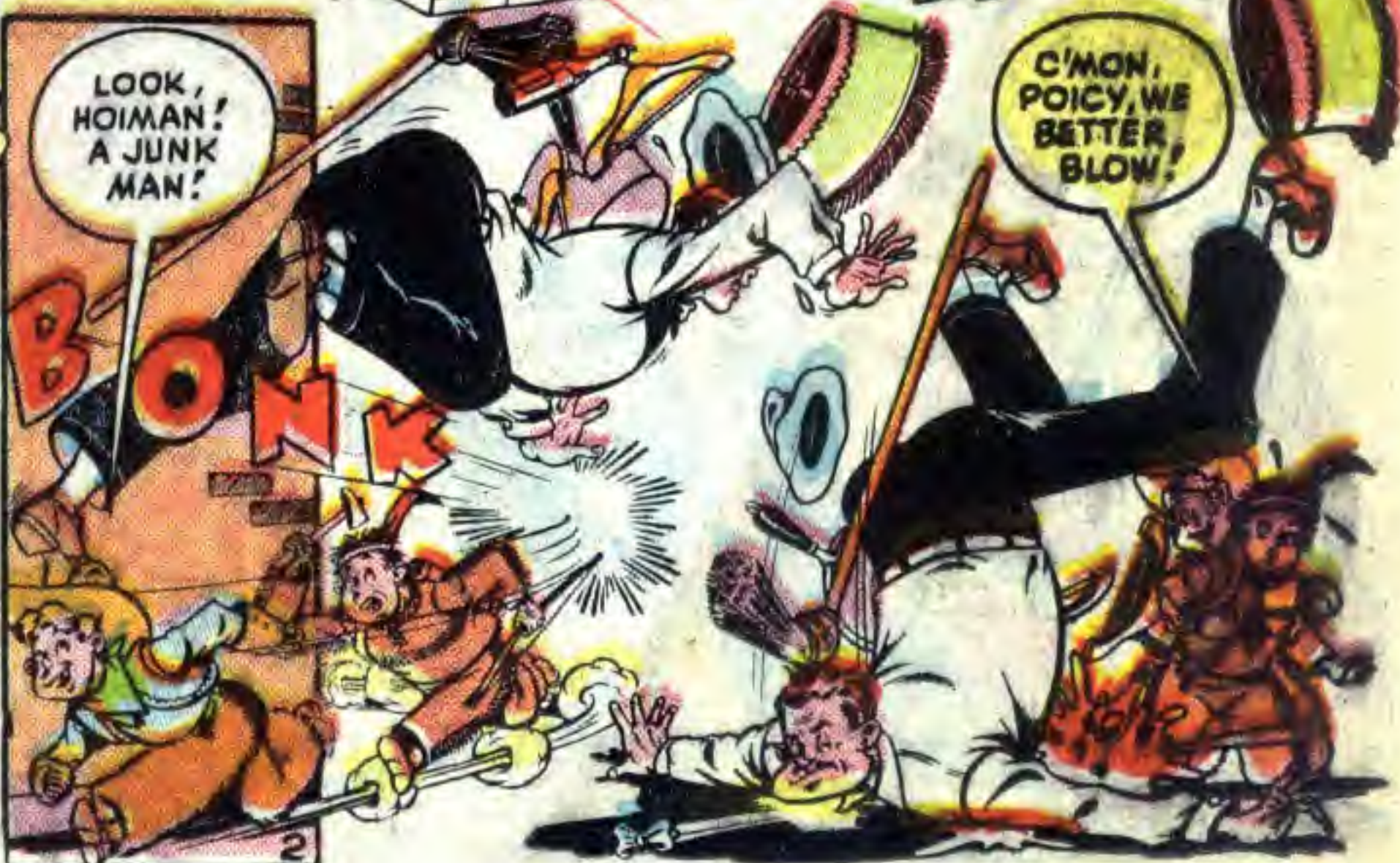
NOW, DON'T FORGET, HONEYBUN... MRS. ROGERS GETS THE COAT HANGERS AND THE POT... THE MOP BELONGS TO MIGGS, AND ASK MRS. KROFT TO GIVE THE LAMPSHADE TO MRS. REESE!

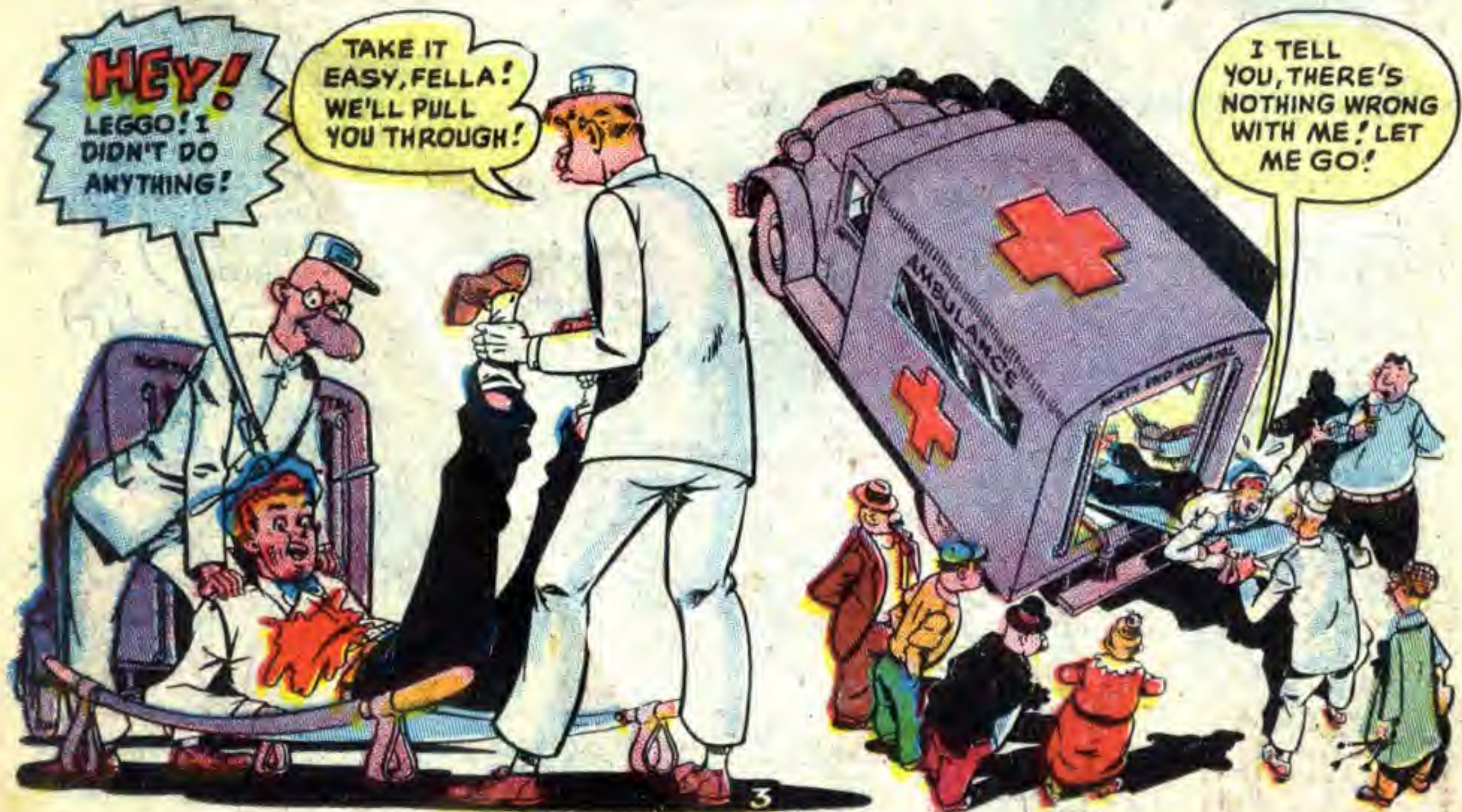
GULP! I HOPE THE MOVERS' UNION DOESN'T SEE ME... I'M NOT A MEMBER!

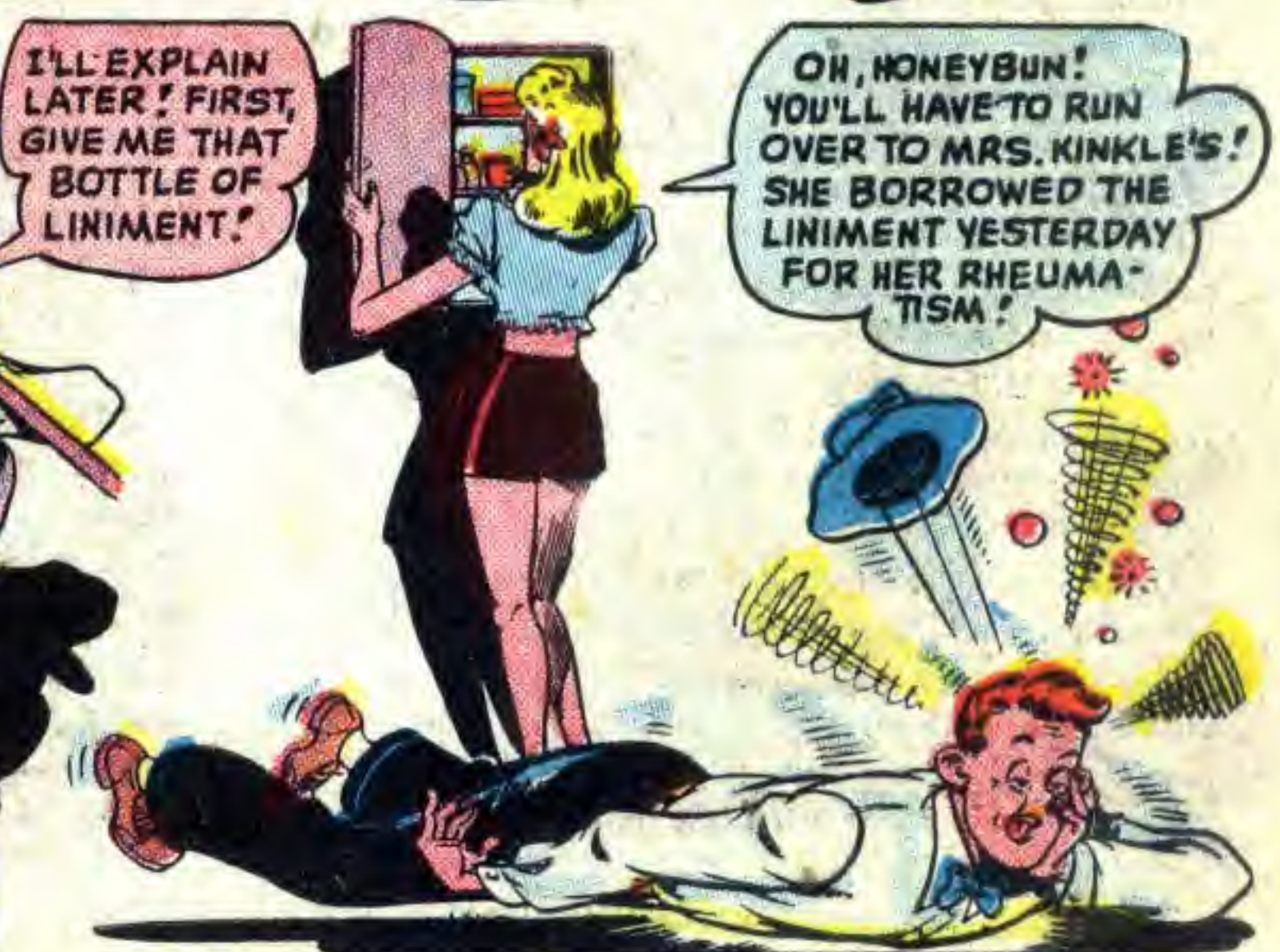
DARN IT! I'LL TELL MIGGS A THING OR TWO NEXT TIME SHE SENDS ME OUT TO RETURN ANYTHING!

LOOK, HOIMAN! A JUNK MAN!

C'MON, POICY, WE BETTER BLOW!







Carrying a TORCH

CARNIE CALAHAN stepped quickly around the corner of the big circus tent and headed for the animal cages. The flicker of heat lightning lit the western sky and occasionally the rumble of thunder penetrated the applause and band music that swelled in pulsating waves from inside the tent. An atmosphere of disaster seemed to hang over the circus and Carnie, sensing it, was taking a look around. Rounding the far corner of the tent, he saw stretched before him in orderly rows the long line of wheeled cages that housed the menagerie and the big "cats" of Clyde's animal act. He stood there listening. The animals seemed strangely quiet. However, it was probably nothing more than the oppressive heat of the early afternoon which they had not yet been able to shake off. To be on the safe side, however, he decided to check the cages before leaving. He walked down between the rows, checking a lock here, saying a reassuring word to the caged animals there, and was about to move on when an odd odor assailed his nostrils.

He sniffed the air carefully once or twice and traced the odor to its source—a pile of damp straw which had been saturated with kerosene. Upon making this discovery, Carnie looked about him quickly and, seeing that he was not observed, stepped quietly back into the deep shadows near the tent to await developments. As he rested there on his haunches, his mind raced as he attempted to explain the presence of that pile of straw. Slowly the realization came to him. It was now eight-thirty. In ten minutes Clyde's act would start. Evidently someone, was planning to start that fire as the "cats" were moving through the flimsy passageways into the center ring—was planning to loose ten fear-crazed, ferocious beasts on the unsuspecting Clyde.

Carnie was so engrossed in his thoughts that he was oblivious to noises around him. He did not hear the cautious footsteps approaching along the other side of the tent and he was flabbergasted when he saw a girl, a cape thrown hastily over her shoulders, emerging from behind the protection of the tent. It was Lolita, the new trapeze artist, who had joined the circus at the start of the tour.

Quickly and gracefully Lolita moved to the side of the cage where Carnie had discovered the pile of kerosene-soaked straw. She listened for a moment, then knelt and, with quick, deft movements of her hands, tossed more straw atop the pile.

Carnie didn't know what she was planning, but he heard the band playing the strains of the finale to the act preceding Clyde's and decided it was time to act himself. Stepping silently from his place in the shadows,

he approached the girl. "Hi, Lolita," he said to the kneeling girl, "you lost something?"

A gasp of surprise and dismay escaped the girl's lips as she turned to look up at the Barker. Then, without a word, she sprang at him like a panther, and with feline fury clawed and struck at his face.

He caught the girl's slim shoulders and held her at arm's length. "Come, come, -Kitten. That's no way to treat your old pal Carnie—particularly when he's caught you in the act of setting fire to the circus."

The remark cut into the girl's consciousness like a whiplash. Suddenly, the pent-up fury left her and she slumped in his arms, sobbing uncontrollably. "Carnie, Carnie," she gasped, "thank heaven you were here to stop me. I—I—I almost did. I can't believe it was me," she concluded, a look of horror on her lovely young face.

"Darned good thing I was here, baby," Carnie replied grimly. "What d'ya say you tell me all about it in my wagon, okay?"

In Carnie's wagon the girl slumped dejectedly on the cot, dabbing her red-rimmed eyes. "Well?" he said questioningly, "what's the story, kid? Out with it!"

She looked up at him through tear-reddened eyes. She was so young, so helpless that Carnie pitied her in spite of himself. "I—I'm in love with Clyde," she blurted.

"You certainly have an odd way of showing it."

"You don't understand," she continued, looking at him pleadingly. "You see, I love him so much, and he doesn't even know I'm alive, that tonight my love turned to hatred—I thought if he was hurt, I could help nurse him back to health and he'd notice me, and—maybe love me, too," she concluded, her voice trailing off into a thin wall of misery.

"Well, you should have considered the consequences, first," Carnie said kindly, "because you might have been the cause of a thousand deaths." He studied the girl carefully, then continued, "But I'll tell you what I'm going to do—we'll keep this little business sort of personal, just you and me, okay? With the provision that if you continue to carry a torch for that big animal trainer, you won't put it down in any kerosene soaked straw, is that clear?"

Her actions spoke louder than a thousand words. She jumped from her place on the cot, kissed Carnie lightly on the cheek and whirled out of the wagon saying, "I will! I will! Carnie—I promise I'll be good."

Carnie stood staring after her, shaking his head. "Women, women," he muttered, "you can have 'em, they're too deep for me."

QUICKSILVER

Mysterious accidents almost spelled doom for a new construction job...but QUICKSILVER, dynamic guardian of justice, played tag with death among the steel girders until he tipped the beam against... **SKYSCRAPER SABOTAGE!**



As a new mid-town skyscraper grows ...



KEEP AT IT, MEN!
WE'VE GOT A
CONSTRUCTION
DEADLINE TO
MEET!



O.K., MR.
GORMAN!

At that moment...
OOPS!

LOOK
OUT!
THAT
SLEDGE
HAMMER!









THANKS, QUICKSILVER! I STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT CAUSED THE COLLAPSE! MY FORMULA FOR MIXING CONCRETE WAS O.K.!

LET'S TAKE A SAMPLE TO YOUR LABORATORY AND ANALYSE IT!



Later...

YOU WERE RIGHT! THE WRONG PRO-PORTION OF ROCK, SAND AND CEMENT WAS USED!

THAT MEANS WEAK CONCRETE, WHICH LOOKED O.K. BUT WOULD GIVE WAY UNDER PRESSURE!



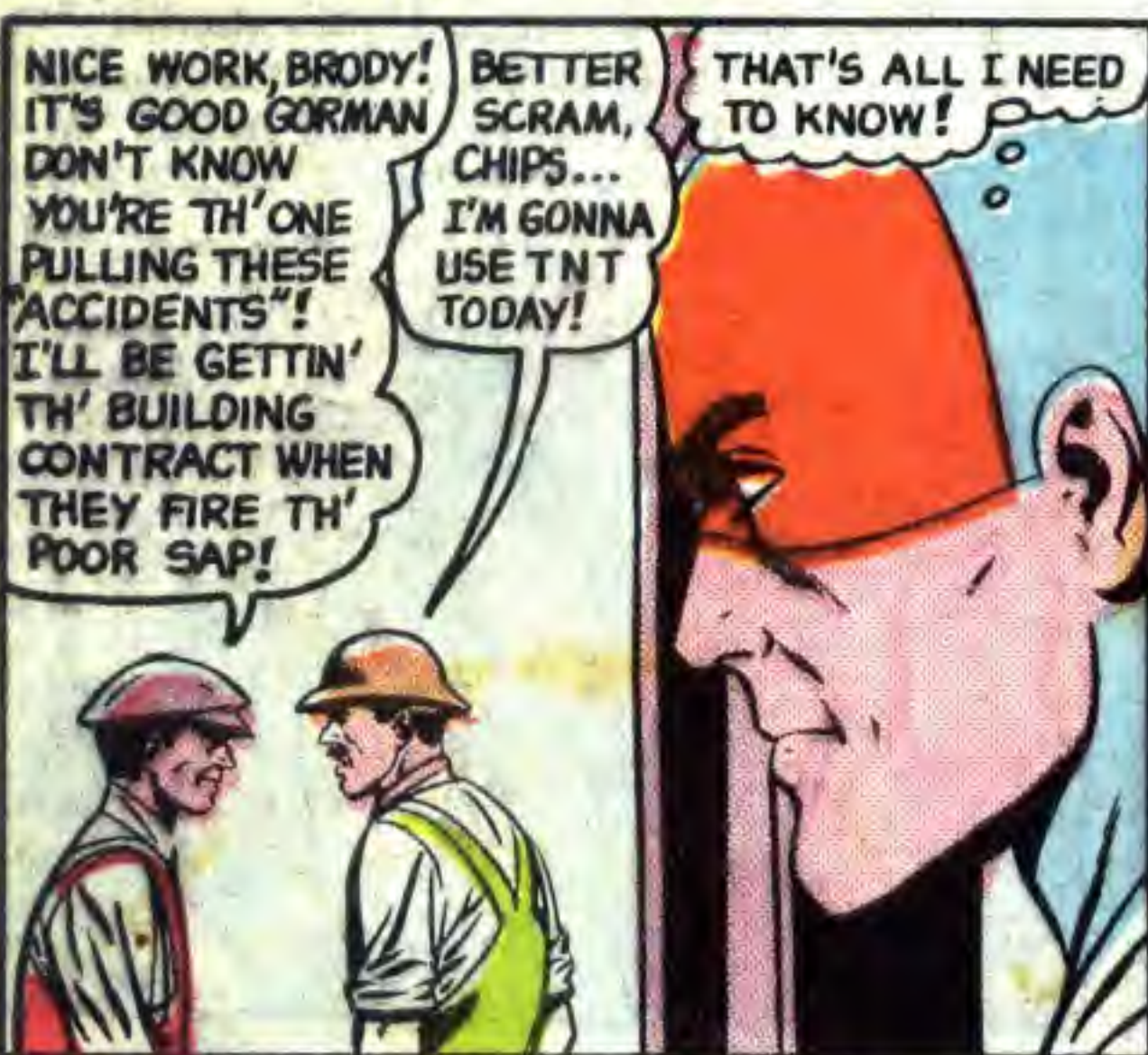
BUT WHO COULD'VE DONE IT?

LOOKS LIKE AN INSIDE JOB OF SABOTAGE, GORMAN! I'LL KEEP AN EYE PEELED FOR TROUBLE TOMORROW!



Next day...

OH-OH! THERE'S BRODY TALKING TO **CHIPS SCARBO**, THE BUILDING RACKETEER! WONDER WHAT THAT GUY'S DOING HERE?



NICE WORK, BRODY! IT'S GOOD GORMAN DON'T KNOW YOU'RE TH' ONE PULLING THESE 'ACCIDENTS'! I'LL BE GETTIN' TH' BUILDING CONTRACT WHEN THEY FIRE TH' POOR SAP!

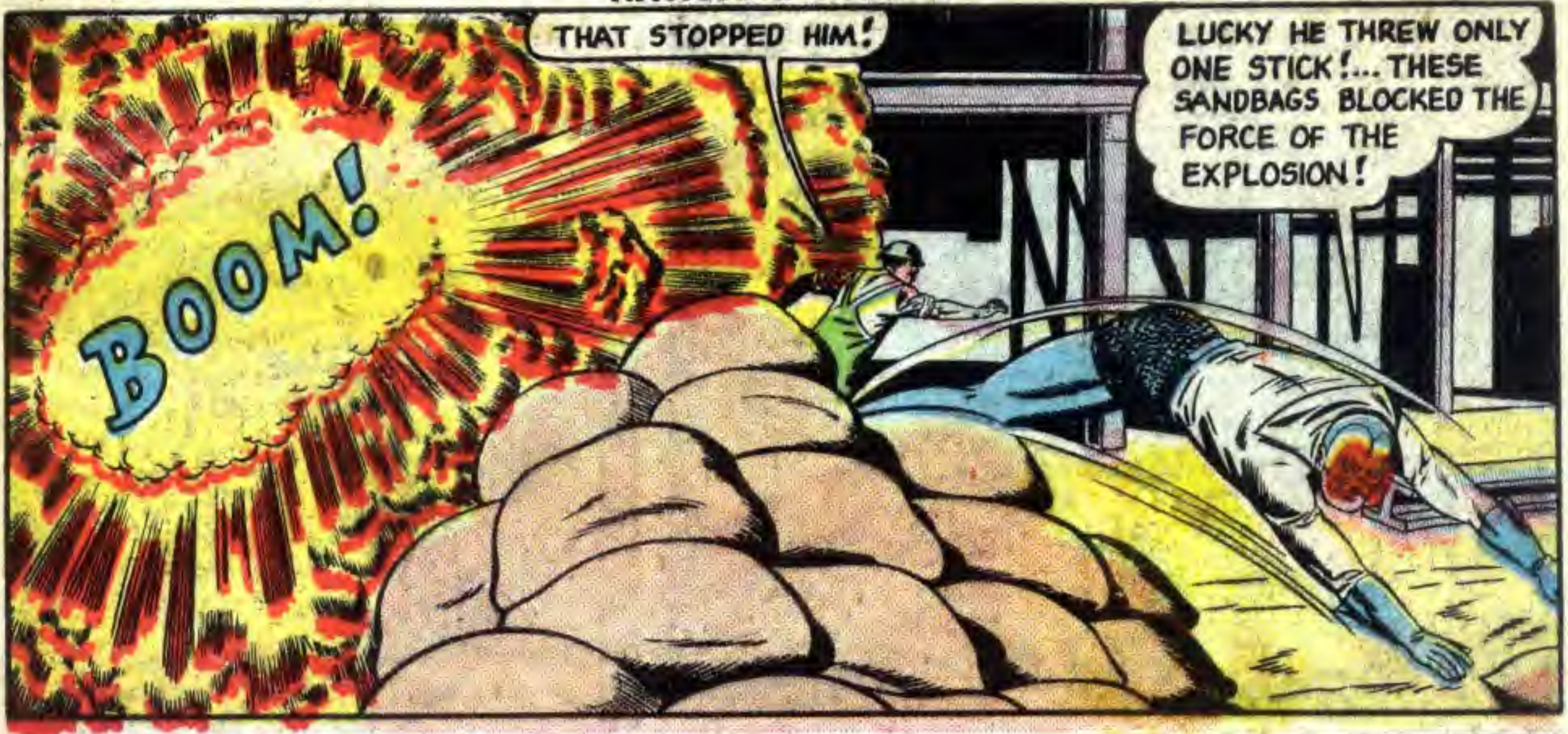
BETTER SCRAM, CHIPS... I'M GONNA USE TNT TODAY!

THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW!



HEY, BRODY... I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

WHA-?... YOU AGAIN? HERE... TALK TO THIS STICK OF TNT!



THAT STOPPED HIM!

LUCKY HE THREW ONLY ONE STICK!... THESE SANDBAGS BLOCKED THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION!



QUICKSILVER! ARE YOU O.K.?... I JUST SAW BRODY RUNNING AWAY FROM HERE!

HE CAN'T GET FAR! UH... WHAT'S THAT IN YOUR HAND?



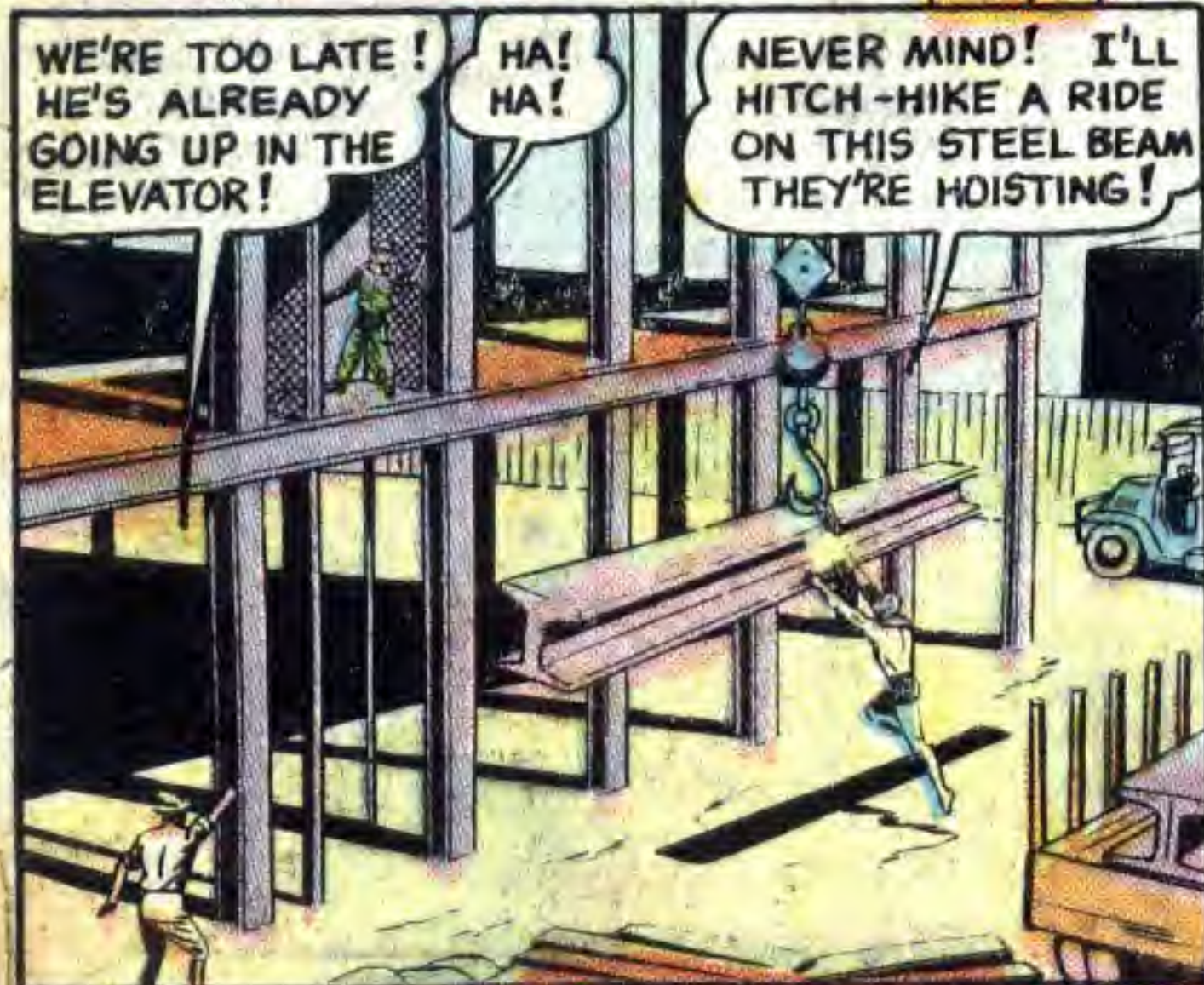
I FOUND IT ON A SAWDUST PILE THIS MORNING!... AN EMPTY BOTTLE OF NITRIC ACID!

HMM... THAT STUFF COULD EAT AWAY STEEL! WE'D BETTER STOP BRODY RIGHT NOW!



BRODY? IS HE BEHIND ALL THIS TROUBLE?

YEP! AND YOUR RIVAL, CHIPS SCARBO, TOO! THERE'S BRODY HEADING FOR THE WORK ELEVATOR!



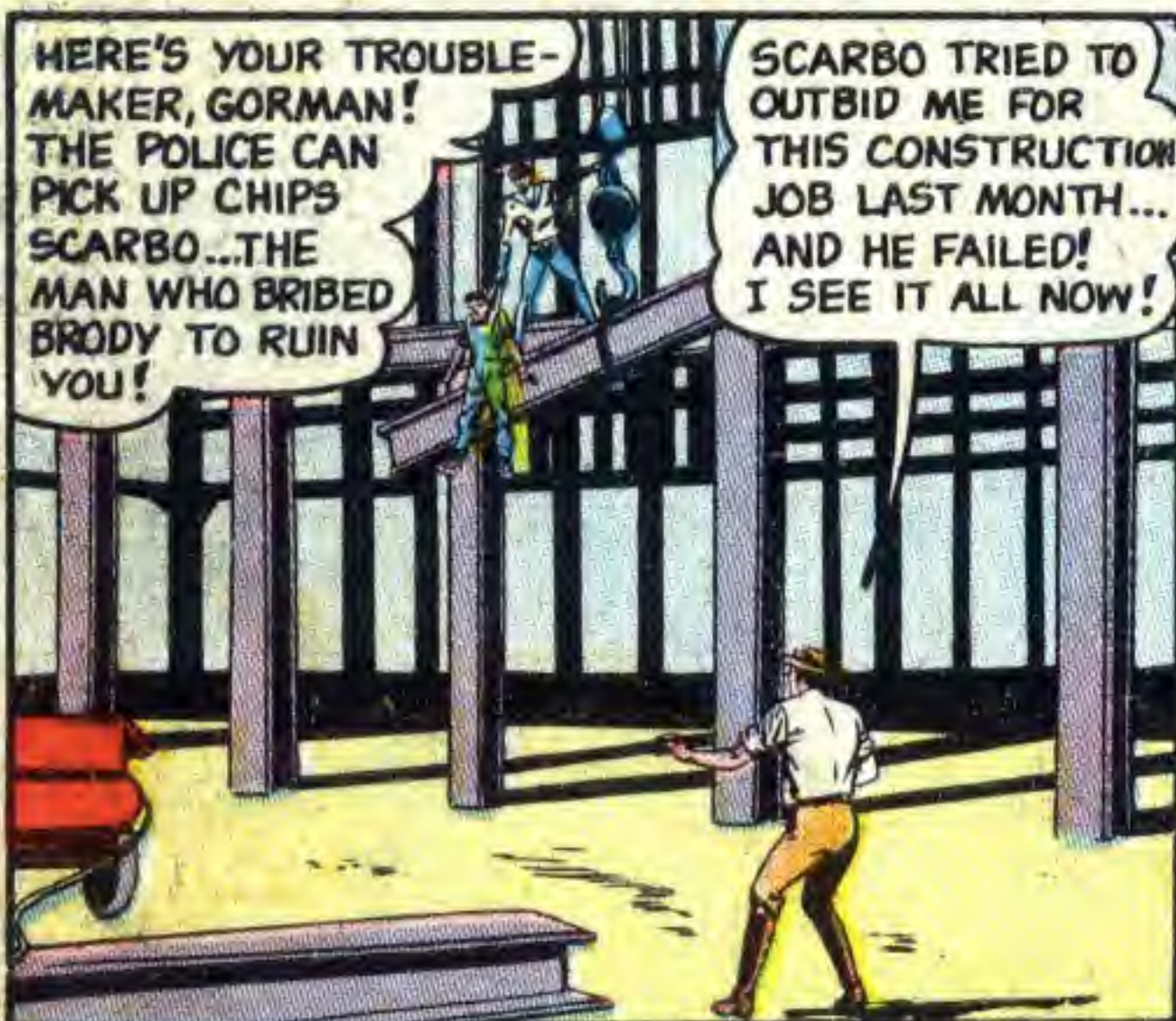
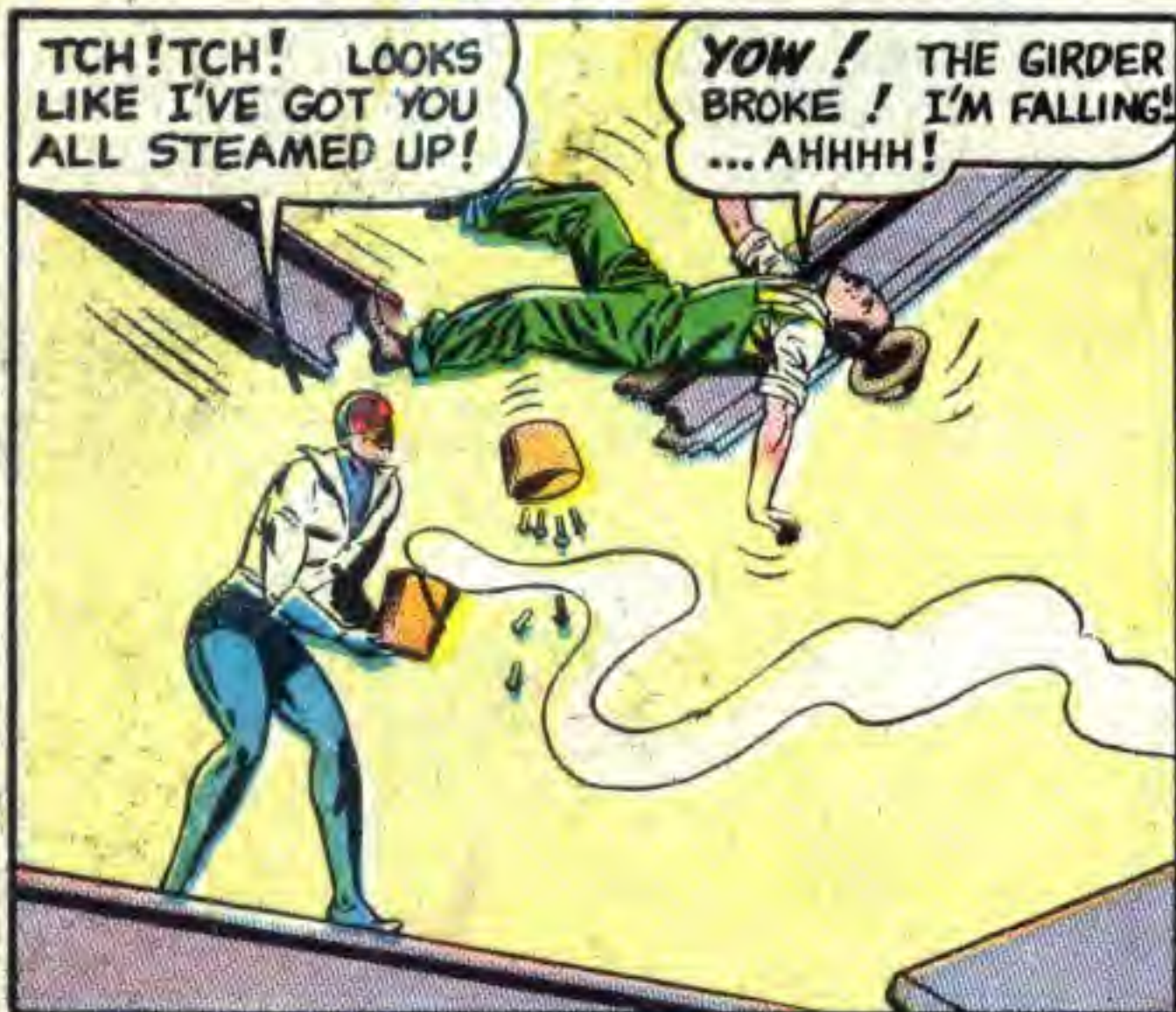
WE'RE TOO LATE! HE'S ALREADY GOING UP IN THE ELEVATOR!

HA! HA!

NEVER MIND! I'LL HITCH-HIKE A RIDE ON THIS STEEL BEAM THEY'RE HOISTING!



THERE HE IS NOW! HE'S GETTING OFF AT THE TOP LEVEL, NEAR THAT RIVETER!



BOYS! here's great news!

ANNOUNCING: An amazing new game

turns OUTDOOR action
into INDOOR thrills

IT'S A
**FENCE
BUSTER**

ELECTRIC BASEBALL



CLOSE PLAYS LIKE THIS ARE BROUGHT INDOORS BY ELECTRIC BASEBALL



IT'S TOO BAD WE HAD TO CALL THE GAME BECAUSE OF DARKNESS!

OKAY, TOM! YOU'VE GOT US HERE! NOW ADMIT YOU WERE KIDDING. WHEN YOU SAID WE'D FINISH THE GAME IN YOUR HOME!

NOT AT ALL! WE CAN CONTINUE THE PLAY ON THIS ELECTRIC BASEBALL GAME!

SAY, THAT LOOKS SHARP! LET'S PLAY!



MAN ON 2ND AND 3RD-- A HIT MEANS TWO RUNS IF YOU'RE FAST ON THE TRIGGER BAT, YOU'LL WIN!

STRIKE HIM OUT, TOM!

I WANT TO PLAY THE WINNER! THAT'S THE BEST LOOKING GAME I'VE SEEN!

WATCH MY FAST BALL!

YOU HAVE TO "SWING" THE BAT AT THE RIGHT SPLIT SECOND AND KEEP TRACK OF STRIKES, BALLS, HITS, OUTS, RUNS, INNINGS, ETC!

SCIENTIFIC, YET AS EXCITING AS CAN BE!

PLAY BALL-- I'M ALL SET!



SPECIAL'S

If you act fast

The 1949 Varsity Model Electric Baseball Game is an outstanding value at the delivered price of \$2. Many—send for your game—right now. Games come complete with long-life battery, instant miniature lamps, ready to play. Big 14 x 16 Ponderosa Pine frame encloses the maze of wires, soldered connections, and the match-acting ball, topped by the colorful water-repelling playing diamond.

WE PAY POSTAGE...
MONEYBACK GUARANTEE
5 DAYS' TRIAL



Hi, FELLERS!

Get Set! Be first to own this latest Electric Baseball Game. Have your choice over for some REAL FUN...for the electric lights and trigger bat capture the excitement of big league baseball, play by play. Launch (set) the ball machine into the "electric level". Good baseball sense helps to win. You'll learn smart baseball early. The more you play, the more you'll want to play. Produced by the makers of the "World's biggest-selling Baseball and Football game, because they are Electric!" Endorsed by parents, teachers, coaches, sports writers and boys who love baseball.

ELECTRIC GAME CO. 94 Front Street
HOLYOKE, MASS.

MONEYBACK GUARANTEE 5-DAY TRIAL

ELECTRIC GAME CO.
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Amount Enclosed ☐

CASH OR C.O.D.
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VARSITY MODELS
☐ Electric Baseball \$2.00
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NOW SUPER MODELS!
☐ Electric Baseball \$2.00
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act fast

"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



RUINING THE
RANSOM PLAN



FOLLOWING AN URGENT POLICE FLASH, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE ELN CITY BIKE CLUB BOYS TRACK DANGEROUS KIDNAPPERS TO A LONELY HIDE-OUT, AS THE BOYS STAND GUARD U.S. ROYAL JETS OFF FOR HELP...



HOPE THE BOYS DON'T
RUN INTO TROUBLE
BEFORE I GET BACK
WITH THE POLICE...



HURRY UP WITH
THAT RANSOM NOTE,
HUSSEY, SO WE CAN
SCRAM OUTA HERE...

JEOPERS--WE'VE
GOTTA KEEP
THEM HERE 'TIL
ROYAL GETS BACK!
C'MON--I'VE GOT
AN IDEA!



NOW THEN--WHAT A
TIME FOR FLAT TIRES!
GET THE WAD--PUMP--
WE GOTTA WORK FAST!

BUT U.S. ROYAL WORKS FASTER AND RETURNS WITH THE POLICE IN THE WICK OF TIME!

LETTING THE
AIR OUT OF
THEIR TIRES
SURE WAS A
GREAT IDEA,
FELLAS!

IF DUSHTA BE!
--WE GOT IT
OUT OF BIKE
COMICS IN
'PICNIC PAY-OFF'
WHEN JIMMY
FULLER--

WHA! DON'T
SPOIL THE
STORY... LET
OUR READERS
GET THEIR
FREE COPIES
FIRST!

WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, YOU CAN BE SURE YOUR WHEELS ARE EQUIPPED FOR SPEED PLUS SAFETY... AND, SAY--WHEN YOU SEE A HAPPY MIDDLE LIKE THAT ONE, YOU CAN BE JUST AS SURE THERE'S A COPY OF BIKE COMICS AT THE BOTTOM OF IT!



GET YOUR COPY OF
"BIKE COMICS" AT YOUR
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRE
DEALER'S TODAY.
IT'S **FREE!**



HEY, LOOK--A FULL-LENGTH
ADVENTURE... CAPTURING
BANK ROBBERS!



WAIT'LL YOU MEET KNUCKLE-
HEAD--HE NEVER DOES
ANYTHING RIGHT!



TERRY'S MY FAVORITE...
WOTTA SELLING JOB HE
DOES ON POP!



LOOK FOR THIS SIGN IN YOUR
BIKE DEALER'S WINDOW



**U.S.
BIKE TIRES**

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science